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In these few pages , I want to tell of some of the instances and things that stand out in my mind as happy memories of childhood. I recall very little of Father before his accident. I remember once he took me up to the Heber Merc and bought me a new pair of shoes. They were black leather with patent toes and tops. They buttoned up the side, a little fancy tassel hung down the front. I must have been real young for I sat on his lap while we tried them on.

Every fall Mother made soap on a bon fire out in the back yard. It seemed to take hours, and smelled horrid. But the soap was real good. It was made of grease drippings she had saved over the year. We used it to wash our hair also. No such thing as hair shampoo , you know. Mother used to save rain water to wash our hair in. It made it so soft, We all had beautiful hair.

I must say something about the "privy". It stood behind the house in the west corner of the lot. The girls took turns on sat. scrubbing the floor and the double hole seat. Father used to put the ashes from the coal stoves, down the holes to keep it clean smelling. (No indoor plumbing you know.)

I was very young, but remember the well, just outside the front door, on the east side of the walk. Two buckets hung on a long rope over a pulley. when one bucket went down the other came up full. It was delicious , cold and clear. Then later a hydrant was put in near the back door. The well was then filled in and covered with a large sandstone. Can you imagine, carrying all the water for washing , bathing, drinking, from the well or hydrant?. I remember one time, Clara went out on a cold winter day, and leaned over for a drink. Her tongue stuck to the icy metal. when she tried to get loose, some of the skin stuck to it. We soon learned not to drink from the icy hydrant.

The washing was done in a round tub, on a "washboard". The clothes were rubbed up and down on this board, with the soap mother had made, and then put into a copper bottomed boiler on top of the coal range. the boiling made them whiter. I used to hate wash days . It seemed like it took all day, and the boiling water smelled of the lye soap. We were happy when we got the new washer.

In the summer it stood out back of the house. The water had to be heated indoors and then carried out, but it was still better than the "washboard". The washer was made of wood, with a handle on the outside, that turned the agitator. The kids used to take turns pushing and pulling the thing. Then the clothes were hung on long "clothes lines" in the back yard to dry.

Meal time was something to remember of our home. I have often wondered how my parents did it, with so little means, but mother always seemed to have good meals. At breakfast we knelt at our chairs around the large round table, and Prayer was said. At all meals we took turns saying the blessing. We were taught to say our prayers at night.

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Each fall we looked forward to the day Mr. Hanson came to kill the pig.

We never watched him shoot it . But it was fun to see him clean it. It was first hung up on a rope; through a pulley, and dipped up and down in boiling water.. Then he would scrape untill it was white and clean. He always gave the boys the bladder , which they would blow up with the bicycle pump. Then when it was dry it made a great foot ball . Lasted quite a while too.

There was a room under the house called the "cellar". In it was kept all the food that had to be kept cool. No such thing as refrigeration. The walls were rocked up but the floor was dirt. The meat was cured and kept in barrels. Potatoes, carrots, onions and other vegetables had a bin of their own. Every thing had to be off the floor, ~~Sometimes~~ ^{in the} summer, we would have to put boots on to go down. The bottled fruit was kept on shelves built on the wall. The milk was kept in large round pans on a table, covered with a dish towel. Thick rich cream would form on it , then mother would strain the cream off and churn it into butter. Many steps were made in a day, down the curved stairway in a day.

We always looked forward to one good sleigh riding party in winter.

Even long after we were married. Ed would hitch up the team, with the big bells over the horses shoulders, hook onto the bob-sleigh, and drive around to the front gate. Some of us would ride the runners and some on coaster sleds hooked onto the back. Some who were 'chicken' just cuddled up in the sleigh, under heavy quilts, with a hot brick at their feet. Many times the small coasters would tip over, as Ed made a quick corner (purposely). Mama (that was what we called our mother) always had something hot waiting for us when we ^{came} ~~get~~ home.